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Communications.

* Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
* Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.*

For the Merrimack Magazine.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

Your politeness in soliciting a continuance of correspondence, has induced AMANDA to transmit you the following short narrative, for publication, (from a London Magazine,) if you consider it calculated to amuse your readers.

JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY :

OR, THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF
SIR WILBRAHAM WENTWORTH.

THERE is a particular injustice amongst mankind which, though glaring, has hitherto been unnoticed, and which so far from being censured is never thought culpable in the practisers. This injustice is the custom which people have of possessing property without scruple, which their ancestors have acquired by dishonesty ; a man will readily acknowledge that his father's wealth resulted from the oppression of the unfortunate, but he will not refund a single shilling to the lawful owners when it descends into his own hands ; on the contrary, tho' he is convinced it is in equity the actual right of another, he thinks he may retain it without the least shadow of reproach, and the world is so extremely polite that, while it perhaps execrates the memory of the first spoiler, it compliments the latter with the reputation of unquestionable probity. To elucidate this position clearly, and to let the reader see in what manner people should act, when they are made the heirs of ill-gotten fortunes, shall be the business of the following little narrative.

Sir John Wentworth was a younger brother of a family, who by the death of an uncle in Oxfordshire, became possessed of a title, but of nothing else ; the baronet, whom he succeeded in honor, had it in his power to bequeath every foot of his estate

as he thought proper, and as he never entertained any cordial affection for Sir John, he left it to a more distant relation. This was rather an unfortunate circumstance for Sir John, whose finances were not in a very flourishing situation ; however, as his person was handsome, his address elegant, and his education finished, he did not quite despair of obtaining a fortune somewhat suitable to his rank : nor was our baronet's expectation altogether without reason—to the qualities we have already described Sir John added a deep dissimulation, and a fascinating plausibility,—he knew mankind well, and was inclined upon every occasion to profit by the weakness or generosity of his acquaintance ; nor was an opportunity long wanting to gratify his avarice ; a young widow who had been left in the possession of a large estate by the last will of a dotting husband, saw Sir John by accident at Bath, liked, and married him ; as love is seldom accompanied by prudence, she would by no means lock up her fortune from the man she had honored with her person. It is true she had a daughter by her former husband ; but what of that ? She was in love with her present, and we generally believe those people worthy of our regard, whom we eagerly wish to deserve it. Besides this, Miss Milmour, her daughter, had ten thousand pounds settled on her by her father's will, which Lady Wentworth thought a very handsome provision ; and so it was in reality, if her mother had not been her guardian, and this guardian's fate entirely at the disposal of Sir John. It is unnecessary to dwell minutely upon particulars ; our baronet had married totally from interested motives, and as we have already observed, he was not the most conscientious of mankind ; he was not therefore united two years to his lady before he got possession of Miss Milmour's fortune, and in less than two years after, both the mother and the daughter were negligently left at a miserable old seat, above two hundred miles from the capital, where Lady Wentworth, after undergoing every species of mortification, and knowing that the man whom she loved to distraction, publicly lived with another woman, died of a broken heart ; leaving Miss Milmour wholly dependant on the generosity of a wretch whom she herself

had found utterly divested not only of sentiment, but shame, and not only of gratitude, but honesty.

Miss Milmour's relations in this exigence took the young lady home, and having in vain applied to Sir John for her fortune, endeavoured to recover it by law ; but unhappily justice is not always successful ; the glorious uncertainty of the courts fatigued them for many years, and in the end totally deceived their expectations. This greatly cooled the affections of the young lady's friends, whose regard had for some time been declining, from the unpromising appearance of affairs, and she was at last induced from motives of prudence as well as tenderness, to throw herself into the arms of a worthy young fellow who had a company in a marching regiment, and to whom she was rendered additionally dear, by the melancholy turn in her circumstances.

All this time it must be confessed the world made very free with Sir John Wentworth's character ; they exclaimed at his inhumanity in the very moment they acknowledged his politeness, and though the law had pronounced in his favor, the decision by no means removed the reflections which were eternally thrown upon his character. But though his name was frequently mentioned with abhorrence, his company was never avoided ; and those who acknowledged the cruelty of his disposition, were the first to give him invitations, and though they could say nothing in favor of his principles, they were always ready to declare that he was infinitely agreeable. Death, however, did not treat him so politely as the world did, it took him away in the midst of his ill-gotten wealth, without a moment previous intimation, and an apoplexy snatched away, at a splendid assembly, as very a wretch as ever was a disgrace to humanity.

Sir John was succeeded by a son, who, though untainted with his crimes, was not what a good man should reverence as an amiable character. He knew his father had robbed (for justice authorizes no elegant palliation of terms) the poor Miss Milmour, now Mrs. Ormsby of her whole fortune, and was sensible that this Mrs. Ormsby with her husband and an infant daughter, were labouring under the great-

est distress; yet so far was he from restoring what she had been plundered of, that he thought it extremely generous to send them an occasional five guineas for temporary relief.—Nay, the world thought it extremely generous also, and Sir Charles was every where mentioned in consequence of his conduct as a man of the greatest benevolence.—His son Wilbraham, however, the hero of this little story, had scarcely reached his twelfth year, when he felt much compassion for Mrs. Ormsby; he would tease his papa to send the unhappy family something, frequently added his pocket money to the present, but unknown, when he knew the servant was sent to their house.—Yet notwithstanding this solicitude in their favor, he had never seen them; his only spring of action was the natural rectitude of his heart, and he would often wish Sir Charles would place them in some comfortable independency. As he grew older, he felt more strongly for them, and secretly blushed at the cruelty of his grandfather;—but his studies, and the tour of Europe, in some measure diverted his attention from their necessities; and as his allowance from rather a severe and parsimonious father was pitifully slender, he could only secretly grieve at the lamentable state of their circumstances.

Besides this, a circumstance happened while he was in Italy which principally engrossed his heart. In Sienna he had the misfortune of wounding a gentleman who grossly insulted him, and thought it necessary to fly to a neighbouring state as fast as possible to avoid the resentment of the gentleman's numerous relations who loudly threatened to revenge their friend; he changed his name, and lived for some time very privately. Notwithstanding this cautiousness of conduct, an English family, then resident at the place of his retreat, quickly discovered that they had a countryman in town, and gave him an invitation so good-naturedly importunate, that he embraced it with a double degree of satisfaction, because it rendered his safety more secure, and furnished him with an opportunity of spending an agreeable hour which at this time hung uncommonly heavy upon his hands.

The good-natured family which took so kind a notice of Mr. Harrington (for that was the name assumed by Mr. Wentworth,) was Colonel Mortimer's. It consisted of the Colonel, his lady, Miss Mortimer, their daughter, and Miss Dashwood a distant relation: the Colonel and his lady were people of the first breeding, and if any thing could equal the politeness of their behavior, it was the benevolence of their hearts.—Miss Mortimer, though the apparent heiress of a very large fortune, and extremely amiable in her person, was affable and condescending; she did not im-

agine that opulence gave her any claim to extraordinary respect, nor did she believe that a fine face could furnish her with a just title to be arrogant: on the contrary, she considered sweetness of temper to be one of the most essential ingredients in the composition of the female character, and strove rather to merit the good opinion of her friends, than to obtain their admiration.—The charms of her person however, and the gentleness of her manners, were not the only accomplishments which distinguished her; she had a fine understanding admirably cultivated, and was mistress of a sprightliness so captivating, that to make use of a strong metaphor, she pleased her acquaintance up to an actual pain of vivacity.

Mr. Harrington found great entertainment in the company of this amiable young lady, but the just sensibility which he felt for her merit could by no means render him unmindful to the attractions of Miss Dashwood. This young lady was no less formed for general esteem than her beautiful relation, and yet she was distinguished by very different accomplishments. Miss Mortimer, for instance, was the very soul of cheerfulness, whereas a continual air of dejection sat on the features of Miss Dashwood—the first loved company and conversation, the other was remarkably silent and fond of retirement.—Miss Dashwood however, was no way surpassed either in depth of sense, or dignity of sentiment, by Miss Mortimer—and if her fair cousin's vivacity rendered her universally beloved, she possessed a voice, which, to borrow an expression from Milton,

—“Could take prisoner

The tranc'd soul, and lap it in elysium.”

Upon the whole, if there was a sweetness in Miss Mortimer's face, that excited love, there was a majesty in Miss Dashwood that commanded respect; and if the endless good-humor of the one, gave every body pleasure, there was a softness in the melancholy air of the other which filled the whole soul with a tenderness unutterable.—Not to trespass on the reader's patience, Mr. Harrington considered Miss Mortimer with esteem—Miss Dashwood he beheld with reverence—his different sensations for each increased with his acquaintance, and while the first imperceptibly engaged his friendship, the latter as imperceptibly took possession of his heart. Mr. Harrington was himself naturally grave, and he found a congenial something in Miss Dashwood which riveted his inclinations; desirous therefore, of rendering himself agreeable to a lady on whom his felicity immediately depended he doubled his assiduities to please her, and did not despair of obtaining his father's consent, could he but happily make her propitious to his wishes. Satisfied of this he went so far as to open the secret of his passion to

Colonel Mortimer, and the two ladies, requesting their influence with Miss Dashwood, and declared he must be miserable forever, unless she condescended to approve his addresses.—Colonel Mortimer was a man of great prudence, though he was a man of great honor; and could not enter warmly into the interests of a man in such an affair with whose fortune and connections he was wholly unacquainted; he believed Mr. Harrington to be a person of condition, he found him amiable in his person, enlarged in his mind, and finished in his education—but still a marriage with his relation, a relation too immediately under his protection, was a business of importance in which compliments were entirely out of the case; he therefore declined to assist Mr. Harrington's views at that time, but politely hinted, that he should in a short time return to England, and if Mr. Harrington still retained his sentiments for Miss Dashwood, and could make a settlement suitable to her fortune, there was not any body whom he would sooner recommend to her for a husband.

[Conclusion in our next.]

For the Merrimack Magazine.

SEDUCTION.

Disimulation, trait of seductive art,

When that base passion reigns within the heart,

Which aims at virtue, deviates from truth,

And brands with infamy the erring youth.

Pity's a stranger, where these passions rage,

Nor God, nor virtue, can the thoughts engage;

The wretch unmov'd, with mis'ries he has wrought,

Mid hapless victims, bears his triumphs off.

How little can be accomplished by the pen, and admonitions of mortals, when the threatenings of God are disregarded; when virtue is accounted praise worthy by many, for no other purpose than to blind the eyes of their victims, and shield themselves from the just contempt and indignation due to their baseness; when a consciousness of the obligations we owe our fellow creatures, our responsibility to our God, when we must give an account of every action and word at that awful day of retribution which is at hand, are not sufficient to suppress the basest of passions, and create a love of virtue, the admonitions of the moralist must prove unavailing, unless they rouse the victims from their slumbers, and arm them against their seducers; this should be sufficient to engage the attention of those who have any regard for female virtue, or a wish to damp the prevalent spirit of libertinism so destructive to the happiness of mankind.

That there are many who are swayed by the basest passions, and who seek enjoyment by making others miserable, no one will question, while so many miserable victims, who live but to mourn their folly and misplaced credulity, stand as beacons to warn others, and monuments of a villain's treachery.

To minds susceptible of those tender emotions which are the purest traits of benevolence, and the sentiments of a good heart, the ingratitude of the libertine creates a species of horror, which while it fills the mind with amazement, that there are so many rational beings so insensible to their responsibility with regard to their fellow-creatures, to their God, that they will perpetrate crimes of so black a nature as seduction, makes them solicitous for the welfare of the female sex!—It is natural for the sex to repose confidence in men, especially where they are intimate with them, and where they receive professions of sincerity and friendship from them, which is commonly the case where they harbour in their breasts the basest passions. A sincere attachment is not indebted to external forms and appearances, to make itself known; true coin needs not the embellishments of the artist to give it its value; but the sentiments of a libertine only, need a false and flattering appearance, to impose upon the unwary; under the mask of friendship they hide the basest passions, and their embrace is pregnant with the most deadly poison; their bosoms beat not with emotions of tenderness, for sincerity finds not a place in their hearts: while professions of sincerity, solemn as the oracles of God, proceed from their lips, their hearts devise deceit and wickedness. Under no restraint, but their own passions—sensible of no power, but that which they devote to the destruction of those that repose confidence in them—the cries and intreaties of their seduced victims, are to them as wind to bear their trophies, and waft the glories of their triumphs, to seduction's temples: but let them remember that they cry not in vain: though they shut their ears, and hear not their supplications, they are heard in heaven, and by the recording angel are set down, to be summoned as witnesses, to witness against them at that awful day of retribution which is at hand; when they shall stand arraigned at the bar of Jehovah, and be accused by the victims of their baseness, before that God who hears the cries of the injured, and who will punish forever the workers of iniquity.

EUGENE O.

For the Merrimack Magazine.

Sentimental Gleaner, No. 7.

"I have stray'd

"Wild as the mountain bee, and cull'd a sweet
"From every flower that beautified my way."

HE who seeks happiness on the couch of indolence, who expends all the activity of his mind, all the energies of his heart, upon trifling objects; who suffers vain and frivolous pursuits to absorb his time, to engage his attention, to lock up all the functions of his soul, cannot patiently en-

dure the idea of being one moment by himself.—Direful condition! Is there then no occupation whatsoever, no useful employment, no rational recreation, sufficiently high and dignified for such a character? Is he of necessity reduced to the afflicting situation of not being able to perform a good and virtuous action, during the intervals of suspended pleasure? Can he render no services to friendship—to his country—to himself? Are there no poor and miserable beings, to whose bosom he might afford a charitable comfort and relief? Is it, in short, impossible for such a character to become in any way more wise and virtuous than he was before?—The powers of the human soul are more extensive than they are in general imagined to be; and he who, urged by inclination, or compelled by necessity, most frequently exerts them, will soon find that the highest felicities, of which our nature is capable, reside entirely within ourselves. The wants of life are, for the greater part, merely artificial, and although sensual objects most efficaciously contribute to our pleasure and content, it is not because the enjoyment of them is absolutely necessary, but because they have been rendered desirable by the effect of habit. The gratifications they afford easily persuade us, that the possession of them is essential to happiness, but if we had fortitude to resist their charms, and courage to look within our own bosoms for that felicity which we so anxiously expect to derive from external objects, we should frequently find a much greater variety of resources there than all the objects of sense are capable of affording.—The enjoyments of the heart are within the reach of all men who, free, easy and affectionate, are contented with themselves and pleased with those about them.

THE faint glimmerings of the pale-faced moon on the troubled billows of the ocean, are not so fleeting and inconstant as the fortune and condition of human life. We one day bask in the sunshine of prosperity, and the next, too often roll in anguish on the thorny bed of adversity and affliction. To be neither too fond of prosperity, nor too much afraid of adversity, is one of the most useful lessons we have to learn and practise in the extensive commerce of this world.

THERE is a most inexpressible satisfaction arising in that mind, which can look back upon itself with pleasure, and after the hurry of the day and the bustle necessary to ascend the hill of life, can take comfort in a calm and easy descent, and pass gently forward towards the mansions of eternity.

VACANT souls are always burthened to their possessors, and it is the weight of this burden that impels them incessantly

in the pursuits of dissipation for relief.—The irresistible inclination by which they are carried continually abroad, the anxiety with which they search for society, the trifles on which from day to day they spend their time, announce the emptiness of their minds and the frivolous affection of their hearts. Possessing no resources within themselves, they are forced to rove abroad, and fasten upon every object that presents itself to their view, until they find the wished-for harbour to protect them from the attacks of discontent, and prevent them from reflecting on their ignoble condition.

Effects of Lightning.

ON Friday the 30th of May last, between 5 and 6 o'clock, P.M. Mr. JOHN FISHER, of Alsace Township, County of Berks, Pennsylvania, in the 70th year of his age, was killed by Lightning.—Mr. Fisher had just ordered his Grand Child from the door, shut the lower part of it, and was leaning over it to look out when he was struck down. He was immediately taken up, carried to a bed, but no signs of life appeared.—It is remarkable that some time last year a child sitting at the same door, was struck by lightning and very much scorched, but by applying Medical aid, in a few days was perfectly restored.

Two married women were killed by lightning in Lebanon, York-county, Maine, on Sunday the 7th inst. They were both in one house, though in separate rooms.

In the town of Rehoboth, (R. I.) Mrs. Martha Paine, in an instant was changed to a corpse, by a flash of lightning, on the afternoon of the 7th inst. and a man stunned, but not materially injured.—At Cumberland, a young girl by the name of Morris, was also killed.—At Pawtucket, a man was stunned by a flash, who afterwards recovered, and a horse was killed.

Married.

In this town, Mr. ISAAC D. TREADWELL, to Miss SALLY GALLISHAN.

Mr. THOMAS KETTEL, to Miss BETSEY HOYT.

In Newbury, Mr. Thomas Lancaster, to Miss Betsey Kimball, daughter of Capt. Caleb K.

In Bradford, Rev. John E. Palmer, to Miss Betsey Kimball, daughter of Mr. Francis K.

In Ipswich, Mr. Francis Puleifer, of Salem, to Miss Martha Hodgkins.

Died.

In this town, Mr. JOHN PERKINS, aged 56. —A Child of Mr. Richard Pike.

On Monday last, Miss SALLY PILSBURY, æt. 13, daughter of Capt. John P.—Endowed by nature with a studious mind and happy disposition, she acquired those accomplishments which would have rendered her life an ornament to her sex, and made her premature death a subject of deep lamentation, to a numerous circle of relatives and friends.

In Hampton, Capt. CALEB TAPPAN, æt. 65.

—PATRONS of the MERRIMACK MAGAZINE AND LADIES LITERARY CABINET are informed, that seven numbers more will complete the first volume, or one year of its publication; that we may be enabled to estimate the number of patrons for a second volume, those who may wish to withdraw their support, will please to give notice previous to the first of August, otherwise they will be considered as patrons still.—The patronage of the public in general is solicited, by

W. & J. GILMAN.
Magazine-Office, June 21, 1806.



THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, Lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy—
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child, how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother fought,
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shudd'ring clos'd her ears;
"Rejoice, rejoice," still cry'd the crowd,
My mother answer'd with her tears!
"Oh, why do tears steal down your cheek?"
I cried, "while other's shout for joy?"
She kiss'd me, and in accents weak—
She call'd me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes clos'd! I shriek'd for aid;
But, ah, her eyes were clos'd in death!
My hardships since, I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy,
Ah, Lady, I have learnt too well,
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle Lady do not chide,
Trust me I mean to earn my bread,
The sailor's orphan boy has pride,
Lady, you weep;—what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ;
Look down, dear parents, look and see,
Your happy, happy orphan boy.

THE FATHER: Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM. A COMEDY—IN FIVE ACTS.

IN CONTINUATION.

ACT IV.

The Colonel discovered sitting pensively—Cartridge behind, working with a boot.

Col. CARTRIDGE!

Car. (Stops working.) Your honour. (Pause.)

Col. Cartridge!

Car. Your honour. (Advances.) I have finished three field-pieces, sir, and shall begin to-morrow to fortify the left corner of the grass plot—on the right I shall—

Col. (After a sigh.) Cartridge!

Car. (Drops the boot.) Is not your honour well?

Col. No, my good friend. Enquire if Miss Felton may be spoken with. [Exit Cartridge.]

Colonel rises.

Col. Arrow of the angel of death! twice hast thou slain me! son! gracious heaven! why is this sorrow brought afresh to overwhelm me? To

spur into the grave a man, who, moving smoothly on, must have reached the goal? But let me not murmur. I have ever found a kind protector, a most bounteous master; let me not doubt now: I am out where I was. But then this treacherous gleam of light, thus vanishing, leaves me in tenfold darkness. Why! why, must the ashes which the hand of time had strewn upon the embers of my sorrow, thus be puffed off, and the sharp flame rekindled?

Enter Jacob, speaking to one without.

J. I tell you I hav'n't got nothing for you, to get along about your pifinets—Ah! Got pifets you too—as much Got pifets you as you please.

Col. Who are you speaking to?

J. A blind fellow dere says he will pifets me for a sixpence.

Col. What is he?

J. Sair, he says he is an old soldier, Sair.

Col. Soldier! And have you been one, and do not feel yourself interested at the sound?

Enter Cartridge.

Car. Miss Felton has lain down, Sir, but will soon wait upon your honour.

Col. Very well Cartridge, see who is at the door. [Exit Cartridge.]

J. Ah! Sair, I never was soldier for my own liking; I never like any body petter for being soldier: 'Twas soldier took me away from my old Moder, to make me come here, and dat kilt her, and I don't know vant I should like 'um for.

Col. Duncan alone.

The softening influence of liberty has not yet melted from his heart the scaly crust with which tyranny and oppression had surrounded it. Who is it Cartridge?

Enter Cartridge.

Car. An old soldier, Sir, he says, an English soldier, your honour.

Col. Not the worse for that, Cartridge.

Car. No, your honour. I think not the worse of a soldier, or a man, for being English: We are no longer enemies, your honour; and if we were—he is in distress, and blind.

Col. Then we will be his friends, Cartridge, bring him hither. [Exit Cartridge.]

Col. Duncan alone.

How various are the woes of wretched men, brought on themselves by sin! (Looking out.) A venerable figure, bowed down by unrelenting time, and grief perhaps might make much younger shoulders crouch.

Enter Cartridge, leading an old soldier.

Sol. Heaven will reward you, Sir.

Car. Such acts reward themselves; you are now in the presence of Col. Duncan.

Sol. Duncan! (aside.)

Col. How, fellow soldier, have you been left to beg your bread, in the country where late your sword threatened destruction to any that should refuse a meal?

Sol. Sir, it is an irksome task; and, but for the hopes I have of finding a long lost son, who thinks me dead, I would willingly give up the remnant of a wretched life.

Col. A son? Is it a son you seek?

Sol. An only son, Sir. I have hopes that he is in this city; but I am poor and helpless, no friend to seek my child.

Col. You have! you shall stay with me, and I will find your son, and I will be a brother to you.

Sol. Now do I wish for fight, that I might gaze upon a form animated by a soul of love.

Col. You do not speak the language of your station.

Sol. Sir, I have seen much of mankind; and though my station has been humble, my study of the works of my Creator has raised my mind above it.

Col. How do you find your way in the street? Are you alone?

Sol. No, Sir; a young man who came from

Halifax with me has been my guide; he is now at the door.

Col. From Halifax! Did you know an officer of the name of Haller?

Sol. Haller! Yes, Sir—I—I have heard of him.

Col. Have you heard any thing of him lately?

Sol. No, Sir.

Col. You have not heard that he is dead?

Sol. No, Sir.

Col. Perhaps he is not?

Sol. I certainly should have heard it.

Col. Oh! my soul! But stay here if you please—perhaps—but the ring—stay a little if you please. I will return immediately. [Exit.]

Sol. What means all this! is there any one with me?

Car. A brother soldier; shall I lead you to a seat?

Sol. No, I thank you, will you be pleased to send the young man from the door?

Car. I will. [Exit.]

Soldier alone. Lifts the bandage from his eyes.

Welcome once more the light! let me gaze upon the walls that enclose my much-loved Caroline. I am in amazement at these enquiries. Sure they have heard that I am dead, and the Colonel sympathizes in the grief of my Caroline. Some one comes. (Pulls the bandage down.) Is it you, Campley?

Enter Mr. Campley.

Camp. It is—

Hall. (lifting the bandage.) Well what news?

Camp. Marsh is certainly in this city, and spends a great part of his time in this house, it is said, paying his addresses to a young lady who lives here.

Hall. Then we shall have him. Oh Campley, I feel as if I was not doing right, to be here in this disguise—I hate deceit.

Camp. But the reasons for it ought to reconcile you to it—had you come here as Capt. Haller, Marsh would have immediately known it, and of course would have made his escape, then you might have had a chase all over the continent, and perhaps at last to no purpose, with additional loss to your money and ring, which you say you value so highly.

Hall. I do value it highly, for setting aside that it is the present of a dying parent, I have a superstitious idea, that my future fate some way depends upon it. But, my friend, when I told you the number of this house, and directed to be led to it, I did not tell you that my heart's treasure is lodged in it—

Camp. Miss Felton?

Hall. The same; I have spoke to her benefactor, Col. Duncan, and, by what I can learn, Marsh has reported that I died of the illness in which he left me—

Camp. I have no doubt he thought you dead, at the time he robbed you and I went off—your ghost will surprise him—

Hall. I hear somebody coming—retire—

Haller alone.

I know not what reception I may meet with now my friend is away; rags and misery are generally thought intruders;—here will I take my station, perhaps I shall not be noticed. (Pulls down the bandage, after retiring back, seating himself on the floor, and leaning on a chair.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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